

AND *PARTHBNOPHE**
SONNETS* 365

SONNET XLIV-



DART and thunder ! whose fierce violence
Surmounting Rhetoric's dart and
thunder bolts. Can never be set out in
eloquence ! Whose might all metals* mass
asunder moults ! Where be the famous Prophets
of old Greece ? Those ancient Roman poets of
account ? Mus-asus, who went for the Golden
Fleece With JASON, and did HERO'S love
recount! And thou, sweet NASO, with thy golden
verse ; Whose lovely spirit ravished CESAR'S
daughter ! And that sweet Tuscan, PETRARCH,
which did pierce His LAURA with Love Sonnets,
when he sought her! Where be all these ?
That all these might have taught her, That
Saints divine, are known Saints by their
mercy! And Saint-like beauty should not rage
with pierce eye'

SONNET XL V.



WEET Beauty's rose ! in whose fair
purple leaves, LOVE'S Queen, in richest
ornament doth lie; Whose graces, were
they not too sweet and high, Might here be
seen, but since their sight bereaves
All senses; he (that endless bottom weaves*
Which did PENELOPE) who that shall try,
Then wonder, and in admiration die At
Nature-passing Nature's holy frame !
Her beauty, thee revives ! Thy Muse
upheaves To draw celestial spirit from the
skies ! To praise the Work and Worker
whence it came !
This spirit, drawn from heaven of thy fair eyes !
Whose gilded cognisance, left in mine heart,
Shews me thy faithful servant, to my smart !